THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, November* 21, 1807. [No. 21.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

SPLENDID EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

SOMETIME since, a Printer in this city undertook the publication of Shakspeare's Plays according to the text of Johnson, Steevens, and Isaac Reed, with voluminous notes. The Editor of this Journal wrote the prospectus, and anticipated the success of the work. But the execution of the initial volume did not equal his wishes, nor the publick expectation. The Proprietor, perhaps wisely, determined to make it a commodious and cheap edition, and the Editor withdrew himself from the task. Partial to the fame of this immortal writer, and solicitous that his works may be generally perused, it is pleasing to him that this edition sells, though he has no interest in the work, nor responsible for its execution. Though the Editor was not treated with much frankness, or liberality on this occasion, yet he will not suffer resentment to prejudice the interest of the Proprietor, and is perfectly willing to allow, in a spirit of candour, that, if it is not a very elegant, it is a very useful edition, and ought to be purchased by those whose limited resources forbid them to indulge in expensive literature.

But still there is room for a magnificent edition, and such a one is now offering to the publick. A project so liberal ought to have been devised in Philadelphia. But *the Trade* here have strangely neglected the matchless Dramatist, and the glory of introducing him in a splendid dress is reserved for the enterprise of a Boston bookseller.

We perceive, with very great pleasure, that Mr. Lemuel Blake, a man respectable in his profession, and liberal in his temper, has proposed to publish, by subscription, the only safe mode of printing a work so voluminous, The Plays of William Shakspeare, in 21 vols., with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators. To which are added, notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. From the fifth London edition revised and augmented by Isaac Reed; with a glossarial Index, elegant plates, &c.

This spirited undertaking deserves all the publick patronage. The adventurous young man, who is engaged in this expensive and arduous task, stipulates that these plays shall be correctly printed, on an extra fine paper, a beautiful type, and page for page with the London edition. With this copy, as prepared by Mr. Reed, we are exceedingly familiar, and although it is singularly beautiful, yet

we have no doubt that Mr. Blake, if he please, may publish it with greater elegance. We say this confidently, when we speak of the typographical execution. But with respect to the *correctness* of the text, an article of *the first necessity*, and to which the most scrupulous attention should be directed, is Mr B. aware that the assistance of an able editor is indispensible? He should be a man in whose composition the clashing powers of Genius and Industry should be united; he should be "exact without minu eness; and general without confusion;" he should be endowed with a taste both delicate, and correct, and be not meanly skilled in the dialects that prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth and James. He should have a range of reading, excursive from Spenser to *The Shippe of Fooles*, and from "The Paradise of Daintie Devices," to "Eastward Ho!" He should have no fastidious contempt for *Black letter dogs*, nor disdain to seek illustration in an obsolete *ditty*, or a two penny *Garland*. He should have an ear nicely attuned to harmony, an eye that can discern each comma with the perspicacity of a lynx, a heart warmed by

"The generous rapture of a Poet's breast,"

a discernment to perceive all the rainbow colours of splendid imagery, and judgment to distinguish between the voice of Passion, and the bellowing of Rant, between genuine Wit, and contemptible Quibble.

The authour of the animated advertisement which we have inserted below, is a literary friend who is competent to furnish able assistance to this edition, if his forensick labours would allow him time. The ensuing article is a shi ning proof of his powers. It is modelled after the best manner of Johnson. It is rhetorical, energetick, and elegant. We are warmly solicitous, that it should rouse publick curiosity, and widen the circle of patronage. Without a spirit of zeal, liberality, and literary enthusiasm, no great or splendid work can be printed in this infant country. For the sake of the authour, and for the sake of the proprietor, it is earnestly wished, that many a Mæcenas may be found. Mr. Blake has been unfortunate in business, without blame, and has escaped from the fangs of Adversity with integrity and honour. On his present adventure we hope Fortune will smile and Success console him for the past. To the purchase of SHAKSPEARE no goading stimulus is necessary. It is a truly splendid equivalent for the price of his plays. It is a diamond of Golconda, for paltry pieces of silver.

ADVERTSEMENT.

Notwithstanding the multiplied editions of SHAKSPEARE, the publisher, in presenting a new and beautiful impression to the publick, comprising the critical remarks and historical illustrations, the salutary retrenchments, and valuable emendations of his numerous and learned editors and commentators, presumes that he is not idly engaged in a work of supererrogation.

It will, undoubtedly, be expected that some reason should be suggested to warrant the publication of the projected edition; and some arguments urged to show that it is entitled to encouragement, and ought to be rewarded with success.

The editions which have been republished in America, contain but a small number of the illustrative and emendatory notes which are appended to the best British editions; and from the style of their impression seem rather calculated for the closet of the mendicant student, than the library of the munificent patron.

The proposed impression will include all the notes of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warton, Farmer, Mason, Blackstone, Ritson, Henley, Tollet, Heath, Douce, Percy, H rris, Henderson, Whalley, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, &c. &c.; also those of Reed, the last editor, with the various, readings of the Folio and Quarto editions. The last is now justly esteemed as the only genuine edition of the AVONIAN BARD.

The most successful method of republishing works of magnitude, is now ascertained to be by subscription, and in numbers. This method affords an

opportunity to the gentlemen and scholars of the country, gradually to supply their libraries with the best editions of the best authours, and in a manner the least burthensome. It enables the publisher to proceed with alacrity in his undertaking, without incurring the risk of insolvency; it induces him to persevere with unremitted exertions to answer the expectations of his subscribers.

The works of Shakspeare have passed the ordeal of two centuries, and are passing down the current of time with undiminished honours. He has received no rude shock from the envious malignity of criticism; and his poetical fame is so permanently established, that his laurels cannot be rendered more verdant by the copious contributions of the incense of the learned. Necessity was the parent of his earliest efforts; and when he obtained bread and popularity he was satisfied with his exertions. Like other dramatick writers, he indubitably acquired much celebrity in his own time, by allusions to living persons who are long since numbered with the dead; and by a recurrence to prevailing fashions, which passed away with the evanescent moment which gave them birth. No fortuitous combination of circumstances now conspire to exalt his fame.—He is the oracle of no sect, the tutelary saint of no party. He is now tested only by intrinsick excellence, and his undisputed claims to originality. When he retired from the concerns of the Drama his humanity prompted him to abandon his productions to the players, who mutilated his scenes and corrupted his text, exiled his characters, and remodelled his plots, as interest, or ignorance, as convenience or caprice predominated. This was only the inceptive stage in the progress of irreparable waste which was committed on Shakspeare by the Goths of literature; for, he suffered as much in print from the incompetence of his first editors, as he had done in manuscript from the license of the players. But at length a series of illustrious annotators arose, and ejected what was spurious, and reclaimed what was genuine; explained what was intricate, and solved what was doubtful, and by labour and ingenuity restored sense and consistency to the pages of Shakspeare. Probably no writer destined to immortality was ever so regardless of his fame, or so little restrained by rule. Posthumous renown was wholly extraneous to his consideration, and he was neither fettered by authority, nor trammelled by precedent. In his compositions, as he had no model, his excursive genius ranged unrebuked; for the adoption of the ancient dogmas was yet neglected, and modern criticism had not promulged her canons. It therefore follows, that his defects and excellences are peculiarly his own. He presided over the audiences of his day with the magical wand of his own Prospero, and ages have not subdued his powers of enchantment; for with an unrivalled force and felicity of expression, he had more knowledge of the artificial modes and real occurrences of life; and more of the general laws of nature, as they are exemplified in the operations of human passions, than any other poet. He seized what was transitory, and embodied what was permanent; and he seems to have wanted nothing, but diligent attention, to have rendered his plays as perfect as they are imperishable.

Even where he is most defective, and in the scenes of his greatest obscurity, occasional flashes dispel the surrounding darkness, as the flames of Vesuvius dissipate the clouds which hover on his brow. In those scenes, where, without effort, he apparently aims at nothing beyond popular applause, he sports without a competitor, like Leviathan on the deeps; but when he rises in the majesty of his genius, he appears like the sun's coursers in their radiant ascension, extinguishing all the minor lights of Heaven.

For The Port Folio.

THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

This ample and liberal foundation, consecrated to literature, contains so

many precious remains of the classical authours, and, with a few exceptions, so many valuable volumes on topicks of art, science, and polite literature, that we should be ungrateful to the directors, who have always been studious to oblige the writer, and we should be unjust to Philadelphia if we did not favourably describe one of its brightest ornaments.

In the year 1731, at a period not very auspicious to learning, a few individuals, of a contemplative and studious humour, raised the trifling sum of one hundred pounds, and made a small * collection of books of no great variety, forming what, in a New England village, is called a parish library. From a beginning of such humility has the present establishment risen to a height of consideration, not inferiour to that of some European collections.

As reading is always the amusement of men, who have stepped even one inch beyond the mire of barbarism, and reading at a small expense, or at other people's expense, peculiarly delightful to men, studious of economy, this infant institution soon became popular. The books were gradually increased, sometimes by the frugal expenditure of the company, but, principally, by generous donations.

The good effects of an institution, even thus imperfect, were soon visible. Even the votaries of Dr. Frankling, at length, dimly perceived that learning, though not to be compared to stock in trade, or the craft of a profession, was still worth something. In case of misfortune, these careful men reasoned that useful information might assist them in the acquisition of property. In the very spirit of *Poor* Richard, whose poetical and economical talents can never be sufficiently admired, they repeated with all the sedateness of a bookkeeper's complacency,

When interest's gone, and money's spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

The obvious utility of this establishment influenced some; the charms of literature attracted others, and something like zeal seemed to pervade all. Rival libraries were quickly formed. But it was soon perceived, that the Muses should never, like some other sisters, pout and quarrel, or envy one another; and, at length, a lasting reconciliation took place. This harmonious union was ratified by the Charter of 1769, when the Library Company of Philadelphia was incorporated by the Penns, the royal proprietaries of the province.

Since this period, the society and institution have risen fast into consideration. Many sagacious, intelligent, and generous individuals were resolved that a cause so liberal should not be stinted, that Learning was not to be measured by a two foot rule, nor Genius, Art, and Science to be circumscribed by the calculations of the pence table. *Economy was deposed*, and *LIBERALITY BECAME THE RIGHTFUL SUCCESSOUR.* Hence all the splendid success of such a reign. There are now seven hundred members of this flourishing institution, and in the three departments of the Library there may be found nearly *nineteen thousand* volumes. The annual expenditure for every new and valuable work is by no means penurious. A spirit of taste and munificence seems to actuate the directors. The books are mostly selected with judgment, and great docility is displayed towards those, who from a love of learning, or an ardent curiosity indicate, at any time, books to be imported. The access to these learned shelves is easy, the librarian is always prompt and obliging, the reading rooms are tranquil, the Loganian department, which, of course, is gloriously illuminated *within*, is admirably well lighted from from without by a skylight in the centre of the roof, and the whole edifice is spacious, airy, and elegant In the recesses of each room, convenient tables, and the implements of writing are provided, and if Attention, Memory, and Imagination be on

* The first importation of books from London amounted to forty-five pounds sterling, and the Library was at first kept by Robert Grace in a *small* room in *Pewter Platter Alley!*

the alert, the studious and inquisitive may here pass many apleasing andprofitable hour. In turning over the Athenian, the Roman, or the British page, they may enjoy all the charms of Genius, listen to all the pleadings of Eloquence, profit by the counsels of Wisdom, and partake of the triumph of Wit. Generous spirits may here forget the deformities of their country, crippled by a faulty government and correspondent manners, and turn indignant eyes from loathsome objects to the contemplation of virtuous and wise men, and better ages.

For The Port Folio.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PLAN OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

Mr. Noah Webster has announced to the world his intention of publishing a Dictionary on a new plan. Many have given it their sanction. Aided by formidable signatures, Mr. Webster may set criticism at defiance, and his ability to execute such a task must, therefore, be unquestionable. The names of Walker and Sheridan will soon be forgotten, and even that of Johnson himself must yield to *Noah Webster*.

It was once proposed by a member of Congress, in the beginning of the Revolution, to abolish, not only the *English government*, but the *English language* in the United States, and to substitute the *Hebrew* in its stead. Mr. Webster, with more propriety, is about to institute a language of his own, and ought in justice, to be styled *the Father of the American Tongue*.

As Mr. Webster's Dictionary is intended to be a complete assylum for fugitive words, no doubt the idiotisms of his countrymen will here find refuge: Thus, her's, and your's will be changed into *hern*, and *yourn*, fetch and catch, into *fotch* and *cotch*; and roof and hoof into *ruff* and *huff*. To render his work useful to foreigners, who may pass through *Virginia*, he will tell them that up stairs is not to be used in that land of improvement, but *up stārs*; whereas, if they travel into *Carolina* they must say *up steers!*

Novelty, as Mr. Webster correctly observes, is one great source of pleasure; and novelty will characterize the Dictionary of Mr. Webster. New laws and new customs, he asserts, have introduced new words, and combinations of words. Americans boast of their independence in polity, and why should not this independence extend to language also?

As Washington was the hero of American liberty, so Webster will become the defender of the *American language*, and consequently ought to rank with that great man in the annals of his country. We shall no longer use the word *carry*, but substitute the more expressive phrase *to tote*, as they more elegantly say in *Virginia*. *Parson* will be altered into the *New-Jersey* appellation of *domini*; and he will join the *Long Islanders* in using *stuns* instead of *stones*. When a ship enters the harbour, we must not say she *lies*, but she *lays* at anchor. When a lady reposes on a sofa, we must not say she *sits* down, but she *sets* down; and in speaking of a member of Congress, we must not say he made a *long*, but a *lengthy* speech. The word *suppose* will become obsolete, and *guess* rise up in its stead. Thus, when one predicts a storm, he must not say I *suppose*, but I *guess* there will be a storm. His alterations will, doubtless, extend farther: he will no longer retain the superlative adverb *very* in his vocabulary; and instead of observing that a thing is very straight, very good, or very bad, he will say *right* straight, *right* good, *right* bad, and *right* wrong.

A verb is deemed by grammarians the chief word in a sentence; consequently the more numerous our verbs are, the more forcible will be the American language. As it will be necessary, like Johnson, to quote authorities, he will have a copious catalogue of these, in which a man of his etymological research cannot fail to find a sufficient number of new verbs, or rather more properly *werbs*.

The authour of the "Conquest of Canaan," opens his poem with the verb

to sun,* and, sheltered under such authority, Mr. Webster will, no doubt, give us the verb *to moon* If he wants higher authority still, for new diction and graceful phraseology, he has an inexhaustible source in the works of Mr. Jefferson. Thus, should it be very cold, and that he wishes to have his door shut, he will not say to his servant, *shut*, but *occlude* the door. But the greatest flight that any writer has taken into the region of new words, was by Mr. Webster himself. This was, when he brought down on earth the verb to *happify;* a word, which, whether we speak or write it, connot be sufficiently commended; a word that has enriched our language by its harmony and significance; a word, which, to go through its inflexions, cannot fail to have *happified* its most excellent and *happy* authour.

L. G.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

Directions for the use of coffee, taken from a dissertation on that berry, by M. A. A Cadet de Vaux, in the Journal de Physique, T. 53.

M. de Vaux's dissertation extends to the history, properties, and chemycal analysis of coffee. *It is the most complete of any we have on the subject:* those who wish to see it at large, in an English translation, may find it in the Repertory of Arts and in the Philosophical Journal, No 72. The method of preparing coffee for use, recommended by the authour, we suppose to be that part of the Dissertation most likely to be agreeable to our readers, and have, therefore, extracted it for their perusal.

DIRECTIONS.

1 Choose coffee, that, when dry, has no taste of mouldiness, and which is not damaged by salt water.

2 Divide the quantity to be roasted into two equal parts.

3 Roast one portion till it is the colour of dry almonds, or bread raspings, and has lost one-eighth part of its weight.

4 Roast the other portion till it is of a brown chesnut colour, and has lost one-fifth of its weight.

5 Mix both these together and then grind them.

6 Let the coffee be both roasted and infused that day on which it is to be drunk.

7 Pour four cups of cold water on four measures, or two ounces of coffee, and, when the water has run off, set it by.

8 On the same coffee pour three cups of boiling water, and mix the water that runs off with the preceding, you should thus have six cups of coffee.

9 The moment you are going to drink the coffee, heat it over a brisk fire, *but do not let it boil.*

10 The infusions should be made in china, earthen, or silver pots.

The object of the ninth direction is that the aroma may be retained, which is dissipated by a strong heat or by much boiling. In a note the following two processes are mentioned for retaining the aroma: the first which is practised in India, and by some persons in France, consists, in putting into the cylindrical roaster, a little fresh butter when the coffee begins to be coloured. No more butter must be used than what will slightly varnish the surface of the berries. The butter retains a part of the essential oil that would have evaporated It is not a bad method, but sometimes it imparts to the coffee a peculiar flavour which every body does not like.

The second process consists in spreading the roasted coffee, while yet hot and sweating, on writing paper, and powdering it slightly with sugar. The sugar absorbs the oil of the coffee and retains the aroma; but it did not appear to the authour to increase the pleasantness of the coffee, and besides renders it uncertain how much sugar should be put to each cup.

In another work, on the same subject, it is mentioned, that coffee triturated in a mortar is superiour to that ground in a mill.

* In this place, our ingenious critick is not fully justified. The verb *to sun* is quoted by Walker. Parnell, a very correct poet, uses the adjective *moony*.

Dr. Aikin, the editor of The Athenæum, commenting upon this minute and curious article, remarks, that M. de Vaux is apothecary in ordinary to the French Emperour Napoleon. *The plentiful use which Bonaparte is said to make of coffee* probably caused de Vaux to turn his attention so minutely to the subject. *His directions may, therefore, be supposed the best at present known.*

A principal impediment to the use of coffee arises from the trouble of preparing it, which is by no means diminished by the French directions. It may, therefore, perhaps be useful to some of our readers to know, that a very agreeable infusion may be drawn from coffee, in the same manner as from tea, by merely pouring boiling water on it when ground, and leaving it so, a few minutes before using it. In this state it is full as strong as that which is boiled, which may be accounted for from the aroma being more fully retained in it. Its taste is somewhat different from coffee managed as usual, and though pleasant to some is disagreeable to others. It acquires, however, the same taste if it is held over the fire a minute or two, so as to be thoroughly heated without permitting it to boil; or, at least, taking it off the instant it appears to do so, to prevent the aroma from being disspated.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio

DEAN'S NEW SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

Mr. Joshua Cushing, of Salem, Massachusetts, has published, for the authour, Dean's recently improved Analytical Guide to the Art of Penmanship, containing a variety of plates, in which are exhibited a complete system of practical penmanship, made easy and attainable in much less time, and greater perfection, than by any other method in present use; collected and arranged by Henry Dean, W. M. and correctly engraved by Thomas Wightman. This work, where the authour avails himself of the labours of Astle and others, is compiled judiciously, and where he trusts to his own genius is laboured successfully. His work, which deserves extensive patronage, is a valuable guide to the acquirement of an art useful and ornamental. The engravings are well executed, the plates by a young lady, Miss Payne, of Boston, are eminently ingenious and beautiful. The authour's theory is subtle and scientifick. Parts of it, however, appear to be calculated rather for proficients than pupils, but the practical portion of this work, we think well calculated for the improvement of the Tyro. The number of literary and mercantile subscribers to this ingenious quarto is no defective proof of the rank, which the authour holds in the opinion of his judges, and we understand that his system is sufficiently popular. After all, writing masters, merchants' clerks, engrossers, scriveners, and notaries publick are the best qualified persons accurately to appreciate the merits of a publication on penmanship. The writer of this article speaks with the diffidence of one who scribbles with velocity on multifarious topicks, and who is too much engrossed by the care of composing with purity and precision to be very solicitous about the *form* in which his letters are traced. He, who writes repeatedly for the publick eye, looking at him every seven days, must be careless though his penmanship be cramp; happy if his mind is not considered so.

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Mr. James Humphreys, bookseller, of this city, has in the Press a very curious and entertaining work, received by the last vessels from London, entitled "The Last Year of the Reign and Life of Louis XVI., by Francis Hue, one of the officers of the King's chamber, named by that monarch after the 10th of August, 1792, to the honour of continuing with him and the royal family; translated from the French by R. C. Dallas, Esq. We have had an opportunity to examine this volume, and find the French-

man's narrative extremely entertaining, and the translation accurate and elegant. Indeed, the reputation of Mr. Dallas is so high in the literary world that he would not affix his name to a meagre or uninteresting work.

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Mr. H. has put to press "An account of the Life and Writings of that celebrated Divine, Hugh Blair, one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professour of Rhetorick and Belle Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, by the late John Hill, L. L. D. Professour of Humanity in the University, and fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

As might be expected from the sequestered studies of a Scottish divine though this narrative is not crowded with incidents, nor varied by adventures, though it does not dazzle the reader with the meteors of romance nor confound him with the prodigies of Fancy, yet it is a pleasing picture of a good man, studiously and piously employed.

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Mr. S. F. Bradford will shortly publish a new and interesting work, entitled "A Portraiture of Methodism" being an impartial view of the rise progress, discipline, doctrine, and manners of the Wesleyan Methodists, by Joseph Nightingale. This, we understand, is an elaborate defence of this sort of sectaries, and will be read with vast delight by those who, from indolence, ignorance, enthusiasm, or piety, are induced to follow *field* preachers, and partake of *love* feasts. To ears which are wide open to the vociferations of ghostly instructors the notes of this *Nightingale* will discourse sweet musick. Of late, the world is inundated with apologies, defences, explanations, candid narratives, and impartial histories of obscure people, who, from the restlessness of dissent, form themselves into small platoons, in the regiment of society, and suppose that the rest of mankind are extremely interested in their manœuvres.

B. B Hopkins & Co., of this city, have recently published a very elegant, interesting, and moral work entitled Rural Philosophy, or Reflections on Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness, chiefly in reference to a life of retirement, by Eli Bates, Esqr. This pleasing performance is reprinted from the *fourth* and last London edition. To those, who are partial to Zimmermann on Solitude, and books of a similar description, in which the joys of the *rural reign* are elaborately enumerated, no recommendation of Mr. Bates is necessary. We have found much to admire and approve in this volume, and nothing to reprehend, except an idle, ill digested, and rash argument against classical learning. This the judicious reader will pass over, and be neither pleased with his assertion nor convinced by his proof. In all other respects, this work deserves high consideration. The style is pure, flowing, and neat, and the shy, the studious, and the contemplative, will be abundantly satisfied with the authour's reasoning.

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Messrs. Wright, Goodenow and Stockwell, booksellers at Troy, have just published the third edition of Rudiments of Geography, by John Hubbard, Esqr. Professour of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy in Dartmouth College.

Mr. Hubbard, who, for many years, has been advantageously known as a very respectable preceptor has distinguished himself by the compilation of many useful books for the instruction of youth. His performances are in general demand in the north and have found their way into many seminaries in the State of New-York. All Mr. Hubbard's books are very strongly recommended by the Presidents of Dartmouth and of Union Colleges. Such familiar and useful tracts deserve the attention of parents, guardians, and instructors.

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B. and T. Kite have in the press, and will publish early in November,

Chaptal's Chymistry, with improvements and additions by James Woodhouse, M. D., professour of chymistry in the University of Pennsylvania, in two volumes octavo. They have also in the Press, a letter on the Innoculation of the vaccine; practised by Dr. Francesco Calcagni, translated from the Italian, by Edward Cutbush, M D A sketch of the character, and an account of the last illness of the Rev. John Cowper, A. M., written by his brother, the late William Cowper, Esq, of the Inner Temple. They have likewise issued proposals for publishing Elements of Natural Philosophy; explaining the laws and principles of attraction, gravitation, mechanicks, pneumáticks, hydrostaticks, hydraulicks, electricity, and opticks; with a general view of the solar system, adapted to publick and private instruction, by John Webster, with notes and corrections by Robert Patterson, Professour of Mathematicks in the University of Pennsylvania.

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In one of the Boston papers we have found the following advertisement, and we copy it with alacrity, because we think the plan is liberal, and because young gentlemen destined to the mercantile profession here would do well to form similar establishments. Why should literature be banished from the counting-house? Why should the reading of a merchant be confined to an invoice or price-current.

Though it be not necessary for a man to be a scholar in order to be successful in trade, yet it is desirable that the Merchant should have read some other volume besides his Waste Book and Ledger, and be learned in some other sciences than Arithmetick and Book-keeping, in order to make a *figure* in the world. A correct knowledge of Grammar, of Geography, of Navigation, and the principles of Commerce is very important. To this may be added, an acquaintance with the modern publications on Arts and Manufactures, Voyages and Travels, and the History and Laws of Nations.—With a desire to become accomplished in these sources of information, as well as to be eminent in their professions as Merchants, a number of young men in Boston propose to form a Social Library, for the improvement of their leisure hours; and they humbly solicit the concurrence, and aspire to the patronage of all who are willing to assist good intentions and to favour laudable efforts.

Subscription Papers at No. 3, Court street, No. 12, Cornhill, and No. 5, Marlborough street.

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Wm. P. Farrand & Co. have lately published what they call a *Premium** edition of a very valuable professional work entitled Selwyn's Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius, Part I.

This work will be completed in *three* parts nearly equal in size. The second and last parts are in a state of forwardness. The Decisions on the Statute of Frauds, Policies of Insurance, and Promissory Notes will be given under their appropriate titles in the second and last parts.

To the above advertisement the American publisher thinks it only necessary to add, that each of the parts of this work will be printed in a style of uniformity with this volume early after their appearance in England.

*** We are requested to apprize the gentlemen of the bar, that the *second* part of this work has just appeared in England, and will, very shortly, be republished here.

Messrs. Farrand & Co. have employed Messrs. Fry & Kammerer in the typographical department. These gentlemen acquit themselves of their task with equal elegance, accuracy, and assiduity. Their Law Printing is *incomparably better than the English.*

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THE EMERALD,

A BELLES LETTRES PAPER.

Mr. Oliver C. Greenleaf, a very respectable young bookseller at Bos-

* In order to ensure correctness, the publisher of this book has subjected it to a critical examination in the following manner. Two proof sheets have been put up for publick examination; one at the publisher's countinghouse, the other at the city library, and a premium of one dollar has been offered for every errour that might be discovered: hence it is designated a *premium* edition.

ton, who is esteemed by men of letters for his information, by men of business for his industry and integrity, and by his friends for the civility of his manners, we perceive, with pleasure, has become proprietor of THE EMERALD, a sprightly literary Journal, which, under various direction, has acquired and maintained a good character, even in Boston, a place, that does not regard literary attempts with too much lenity. This paper is to appear again in a new guise, for it is incident to almost every establishment of this nature in America to undergo more metamorphoses, than are recorded in the lays of OVID. The Prospectus of this New Series is modestly and elegantly written, and the objects of the proprietors are eminently praise worthy. Periodical Essays, Dramatick Criticism, Biography, Poetry, Wit, and Humour, and the *Quicquid agunt homines* are to form the materials of their work. Satire too is to show her frowning face; a department of this Journal is to be "devoted entirely to the overthrow of Absurdity, by the force of Ridicule;" and both local and national extravagancies are to be controlled by the thong of that severe executioner. This determination of our spirited editors is entitled to our warmest encomium; but are they aware of the arduous duties of their office? They may be assured it is no sinecure; and whether the "whims" of Boston, in particular, or of the country in general are to be derided, we doubt whether twelve octavo pages, every week, would *give ample room and verge enough* to trace all the absurdities of the *disjointed time*, or even to enumerate half of their names.

While thus endeavouring to render a service to these gentlemen, we are "like one, who beateth the air." We have no distinct view of their character or pretensions. Darkling we pursue our purpose. Of the names, habits, and occupations of the owners of that sparkling gem, The Emerald, we are profoundly ignorant. The wits of Boston, like the Circassian beauties at Constantinople, may be well enough known by a few, *inside of the Haram*, but they are perfectly invisible to the rest of mankind. There is little intercourse between Philadelphia, our magnificent metropolis, and Boston, the first town in New England, famous for salt fish, and civil fury.* In our researches into much of its present history, we have nothing to assist us, but the dim light of conjecture. Even the blaze of orient gems, even the effulgence of The Emerald itself is not strong enough to assist our inquiring eye.

But while thus lost in mist and vapour, we still pursue our course, because our scope *is to assist our brethren.*† Though the editors of The Emerald are personally unknown to us, yet their Prospectus and objects are sufficiently familiar, and we sincerely commend both. We wish, fervently wish, that many of the factious and foolish newspapers of this distracted country might perish without a mourner. But the establishment of every literary Journal, we hail, as the dawn of brighter days, as the harbinger of Beauty and Utility. The periodical paper, which now invites the publick favour, we think will deserve it. Their hopes of success are sanguine, and we should regret if the proprietors should be disappointed. Their hopes have certainly a wide basis on which to lean the anchor. Promises gratuitously granted, and kindnesses generously conferred. To such

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* See Butler.

When *civil fury* first grew high,
And men fell out they *knew not why*,
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like *mad* or *drunk*,
For *dish of tea*, and *north end punk!*

† Without any other knowledge of them than the presumption that they are of the *brotherhood of literature*, and members of the *harmonious family* of the Muses. In other respects, the Editor is lost, like his illustrious namesake, in the book of Genesis.

"And a certain man found him, and behold, he was *wandering* in the field: and the man asked him, saying, what seekest thou? and *Joseph* said, *I seek my brethren.* Tell me, I pray thee, where they *feed their flocks.*"

generous spirits, to literary adventurers, ambitious of an honest fame, and willing to labour for it, as for *hidden treasure*, we will address no other invocation, than the *God speed you* of old English warmth and affection.

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PHILOSOPHY FOR STUDENTS.

Mr. William Schultz, a Dane of liberal education, and who, we understand, is indebted for his scientifick attainments to the Military Academy of Copenhagen, proposes to publish, by subscription, at the press of Messrs. Smith & Maxwell, a translation from the Danish of an instructive work, entitled "Philosophy for Students" in three parts; this will form an ample and elegant octavo, and for the very moderate price of two dollars will be delivered to subscribers.

This elementary work, which the translator avers is concise, perspicuous, and adapted to the juvenile capacity, we think will be a useful addition to the catalogue of school books. We are informed that the original is a standard work in many of the seminaries of Denmark. What has been generally approved in a country by no means cold to Literature and Philosophy, but a benignant Mother and a fostering Nurse to both, certainly deserves an unprejudiced examination by the liberal in general, and especially by those, who, from education or habit, are qualified to appreciate the learning of Denmark.

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ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

We understand that Messrs. Etheridge & Bliss of Boston, are publishing, by subscription, a very elegant edition of Rollin's Ancient History, in eight volumes octavo, illustrated with numerous maps. The amiable Frenchman, who was the authour of this laborious, accurate, and instructive work, was at once an elegant scholar and a primitive Christian. His course of Belles Lettres has scarcely been surpassed by his numerous competitors and successours. Few books are more instructive; and so sagacious and just are his precepts on the subject of Rhetorick, in particular, that he has been aptly denominated the Quintilian of France. His Ancient History, without the lumpish heaviness of Hooke, and the fantastick flourish of Gibbon, is at once a solid and spritely performance. The piety of the authour is as conspicuous as his learning. With alchymist art he amalgamates moral sentiment with historical tradition. Although his narrative appears in the modest guise of a companion for youth, yet it will prove no unsuitable associate of the pensive sage. It will not only *allure children from their play, but old men from the chimney corner.*

The publishers profess that this shall be superiour to the foreign editions: woven paper, new type, and the maps of D'Anville, executed by our first artists recommend the work. We hope that a performance, so meritorious as this History, which has defied the criticisms of a century, will, in America, find numerous readers, and that an ample subscription will reward the enterprize of the proprietors.

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LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TOUR TO THE PACIFICK OCEAN.

Messrs. Conrad have issued proposals for publishing, for the authours, A Tour to the Pacifick Ocean, through the interiour of North America, performed by order of the government, by Captains Lewis and Clarke.

This work, we understand, is under the immediate superintendence of the former of these gentlemen, and is proposed to be divided into two parts, and the whole comprised in three large octavo volumes elegantly printed. The contents of this work of much expectation have been already very fully declared on the covers of this Journal, and from the nature of the undertaking and the character of the tourists, we have no doubt that it will be perused with avidity by a great majority of the Americans. Works of

this kind are exceedingly popular in this country, and the naturalist and the geographer may derive some valuable information from the banks of the Missouri, and the wilds of the west. Our tourists propose, moreover, to publish, on a large scale, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers be obtained to defray the expense, a Map of North America, from the ninth degree of longitude west to the Pacifick Ocean, and between thirty-six degrees and fifty-two north latitude. This map will comprehend all the recent discoveries, and that section, which is least known of this vast continent. It will be compiled from the best authorities and corrected by a series of celestial observations made by Captain Lewis during his tour.

Captain Lewis, in his proposals, modestly observes, that his late voyage was not undertaken with a view to pecuniary advantage, and he pledges himself that the estimate which he will make of his literary labours shall be of the most moderate description. An adventure daring, romantick, and perilous, like a lengthened tour through a savage wilderness, undertaken from no venal motive, and described artlessiy and diffidently, deserves to be scanned with candour; and although the authour and his patrons are the political foes of the writer of this article, yet he will not refuse to notice, with applause, Enterprize associated with courage, and Curiosity in quest of Science.

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HUMPHREYS' EDITION OF ODDY'S EUROPEAN COMMERCE.

Mr. J. Humphreys has just published a very interesting work entitled European Commerce, showing new and secure channels of trade with the continent of Europe: detailing the produce, manufactories and commerce of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany as well as the trade of the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Ems; with a general view of the trade, navigation, produce, and manufactories of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland; and its unexplored and improvable resources and interiour wealth by J. Jepson Oddy, Member of the Russian and Turkey or Levant Companies. This very copious title is a very fair description of the multifarious contents of this book, with which every merchant of an adventurous or inquisitive character should be perfectly familiar. The American editor, with great judgment, has expunged what the lawyers call *irrelevant* matter, and by his useful retrenchments, and by the superiour economy of the American to the British press, the publisher sells a book for *three* dollars which could not be afforded in its foreign dress for less than *eighteen*. To the cause of useful science Mr. Humphreys thus imparts very valuable assistance, and in justice to this worthy man it must be affirmed, that he is entitled to the publick favour both for the *choice* and cheapness of his books. He is so attentive to commercial literature, in particular, that he deserves the whole mercantile patronage of the city.

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THORNTON ON THE PAPER CREDIT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. James Humphreys has just published "An Inquiry into the nature and effects of the Paper Credit of Great Britain by H. Thornton, Esqr. Member of Parliament." This commercial work, which conveys much useful information to the inquisitive merchant and the bank director, forms a large octavo, neatly printed on good paper, and is sold at a just price. Those criticks in England, who are the most profoundly skilled in researches of this nature, and, indeed, who are preeminent for their knowledge of fiscal transactions have declared, in a tone of commendation, which is never heard from them except the undisputed merit of a performance challenges the critick's praise, that this book, with no ostentatious profes-

sions, and with no admixture of superfluous matter, contains the largest portion of new information that has, for a long time, been offered to those, who either for the pleasure of speculation, or with a view to publick life are engaged in the researches of political economy.

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BANCROFT'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

Messrs. Thomas and Andrews have just published a valuable specimen of Biography, with the modest title of "An Essay on the Life of George WASHINGTON, Commander in chief of the American army, during the revolutionary war, and first President of The United States. This interesting volume is the production of the Rev. Mr. Aaron Bancroft, a very amiable and respectable clergyman of Worcester, in Massachusetts, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He has distinguished himself as a fluent and unaffected writer. In his preface, the authour candidly states, that publishing the life of Washington in *one* volume, at a moderate price, he should enable those of his fellow citizens who are not in possession of Judge MARSHALL's valuable work, to leave to their posterity a memorial of a man who was preeminently distinguished as a soldier and a statesman.

General Washington was from his youth devoted to his country: his character, therefore, cannot be pourtrayed without bringing into view many important publick transactions. The plan of the writer has been to notice no individual or event further than was necessary to display the principal character.

A few facts which have not before been published, were received immediately from the confidential friends of Gen Washington, or from gentlemen who in respectable official situations were members of his family during his military command.

It has been the endeavour of the authour to display the character of the man who is the subject of the work, by exhibiting in a connexive view, his actions and his writings; and he has as far as possible made this exhibition in the person of Gen. Washington.

This is a liberal and manly exposition of the plan of this Biography. It is not, by any means, intended to supersede the elegant and elaborate work of the Chief Justice of The United States, which is alike honourable to the accomplished authour, and the illustrious hero.

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Mr. Nightingale, of London, has made considerable progress in a work entitled "A Portraiture of Society;" as taken from a view of the assemblies, associations, institutions, societies, meetings, and clubs, in and near the metropolis; whether religious, charitable, literary, philosophical, political, commercial, or recreative; interspersed with criticisms, anecdotes, and biographical sketches. Carefully compiled from original and authentick sources; designed to introduce the countryman and the foreigner to whatever in society is useful, important, and amusing. This work will be embellished with select views of the most beautiful and magnificent halls and other publick buildings in the cities of London and Westminster; and also with portraits of several well-known publick characters, clergymen, statesmen, and oratours.

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Dr. Ramsay has transmitted to London a manuscript copy of the Life of Washington. In this copy many alterations and improvements have been made for the benefit of the British reader. It will very shortly be ready for publication.

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The Rev. Samuel Blatchford, A. M. Principal of Lansingburgh Academy, has prepared for the Press a Translation of Moore's Greek Grammar, which we apprehend will be considered a valuable acquisition. We understand that it comes forward under the auspices of Union College, Mr. Blatchford having been persuaded to undertake the task by the President and Professours of that institution. The following is the title:—"Elements of the Greek Language, exhi-

bited for the most part in New Rules, made easy to the memory by their brevity, being a Translation of Dr. Moore's celebrated Greek Grammar, to which are added Greville Ewing's Continuation and Syntax."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE TAILOR'S LAMENTATION,

A PARODY ON

When Time who steals our years away.

Some rogue has stole my shears away,
And stole my thimble too;
My scissors they are gone astray,
Ah me! what shall I do?

My needles rusted are, alas!
My yard of little use;
And all my hopes now, by the mass,
Depend upon my goose.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind.
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

Come, Judy, bring the ball of thread,
I'll work with Pat and thee;
And when we've earned our daily bread,
Thou shalt get drunk with me.

And as I trim this coat with lace,
This thought shall clear my mind,
That future profit I can trace
From remnants left behind.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind,
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

But mark! at thoughts of silver lace,
Which makes this coat so gay,
A cloud o'erspreads my Judy's face,
And drives each smile away.

So like this gaudy coat, my dear,
Unless you dry your pipes,
Your shoulders quickly shall appear
Right well belaced with stripes.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind,
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

Cleanliness.

A gentleman once told me, that cleanliness was nearly allied to godliness. This is rather bold; but as it might have orginated from a nice sense of physical purity, I would not very harshly condemn it. I believe every one who practises cleanliness, will feel the excellent effects produced by a suitable attention to this minor virtue. The intellect is gratefully affected; the blood courses through the system, and gives vigour and activity. Beauty is also the consequence of purity, Cosmeticks only mar the skin. They destroy the swell of the muscles, and the clear blueness of the veins: they tear to pieces the nice net work of the skin, and reduce to dull uniformity of colour the various tints, which should illuminate the countenance. They also insinuate poison into the body, and soon the fine elasticity of the system gives way to morbid clayiness, and sluggish creeping of the blood succeeds to its former rushing and rapid activity. But look at a French woman, after she has came out of the bath. She is a perfect Venus, risen from the froth of the sea; a celestial light beams from her eyes; her lips breathe the fragrance of health, and her voice is sweeter than the musick of the Graces at the banquets of the Gods. Such are truly the divine effects of physical purity. The French women are almost amphibious, and this is one great reason why they are so beautiful. I am afraid my country women are not entitled to high praise for regular attention to cleanliness I indeed know some, who use the tepid bath and a clean napkin, instead of discolouring themselves with vile washes, dews, and creams from the perfumer; but are there not too many gentlemen and ladies, who pass many months, without feeling the luxury of complete purification? Were I to peruse the subject to niceness of detail, I should have a plenty of subject for many pages; but I hope that the neglect has rather arisen from forgetfulness and inattention, than from dislike to purity or sympathy with uncleanliness.

Anthology.

LINES,

On seeing the portrait of a lady, recently taken by Mr. Stuart.

Not Scotia's Queen with every grace,
Of perfect form, and peerless face;
Nor Sophonisba's conquering charms,
Which filled a nation with alarms;
Nor Inez—whose hard fate for years,
Steep'd a fond husband's couch in tears;
Could e'er such winning grace display,
When youth and bloom had pass'd away;
As o'er that brow, which Nature's hand,
Form'd all to conquer and command,
In softened majesty is seen,
And speaks attractive virtue's queen.
Saint-like benevolence is there,
Shines in that look, that gentle air;
Such touching grace, and winning ease,
So formed for earth, and Heaven to please,
With conquering power they melt the heart,
And prove a Stuart's matchless art.
For e'en like life the shadow glows,
And more than T——'s beauty glows.
For though tis Beauty's brow serene,
Yet all the virtues there are seen;
Contending which shall bear the sway,
And lead the willing heart away.

But not e'en Stuart's art alone,
Could e'er those speaking charms have shown,
Had not indulgent Nature made,
Her mind with charms that never fade—
Opposing Time's too potent sway,
And lending night the blaze of day.
For sense, and wit, and courtly ease,
That win us ere they seem to please,
With native grace around her move,
And win the weakened heart to love.
Thus blessed—she every blessing gives,
And in her life each virtue lives.

And when he paints the hero's face,
Adorned with every manly grace;
And rigid honour's steady reign,
And Wit, and Humour's laughing train,
Still must success his efforts crown,
For Genius marks him all her own.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Apostrophe to the Sun.

Versified from Ossian.

O thou who roll'st above in azure field,
Round as my father's battle-sounding shield,
Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light?
Thou comest in thy awful beauty forth,
The faint stars, shrinking, vanish in the North,
And cold and pale sinks down the maid of night.

Thou mov'st alone, O Sun, for who can be
Thy rival, or companion of thy race.
E'en the oak falls; the hills themselves decay,
E'en the cold ocean shrinks beneath thy face.

The moon is lost before thee in the sky;
The tempests flying vanish from on high;
The lightning shudders in its proudest force:
Thou dost alone in equal glory rise,
Triumphant ruler of the boundless skies,
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When thunder rolls and vivid lightning flies,
When the dark tempest lifts its gloomy form,
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the skies,
And laughest at the raging of the storm.

But unto Ossian's eye thou look'st in vain.
The bard shall never see thy light again;
No ray of thine shall cheer his aged breast;
He sees thee not, whether thy yellow hair
Flows on east clouds, and lights the morning air,
Or trembles at the portals of the west.

But thou, perhaps, like me, art for a time,
Perhaps the boundary of thy years is drawn;
Yes, thou shalt slumber in thy path sublime,
Sleep in thy clouds, nor hear the voice of morn.

Exult, O Sun, then, in thy youthful might;
Age is dreary, damp, unlovely, night.
Behold the glimmering of the wasted moon,
When it shines through the hurrying of the clouds,
And hoary frost the leafless mountain shrouds,
And snow and rattling hail around are blown.

The gloomy ghost bestrides his cloud of rain,
Sweeps o'er the hills and frosty forest grey;
The north wind howls and eddies o'er the plain,
The traveller shrinks benighted on his way.

CARLOS.

For The Port Folio.

MEMORY.

Come, plaintive Muse, on gentle wings,
And bring thy myrtled harp with thee;

With tender fingers bend the strings,
And thrill the soul of sympathy.

No martial thunders, bold and rude,
No noisy song of thoughtless glee,
Shall on the pensive sounds intrude
Which wake the fairy Memory.

Thou, swift-winged Goddess of the mind,
Rise, placid mourner, rise from rest;
Fly to the hours that lag behind,
And bid them enter to my breast.

There wake the sorrows long repress,
The hoard of griefs so sweet to me,
Brood o'er the sighs which they suggest,
And kiss thy cypress, Memory.

Fly to the maiden, fly away,
On dove-like pinions swiftly fly.
Around her snowy bosom play,
And catch the burthen of her sigh

When sleep sits dewy on her eye,
Oh! bid her fancy dream of me;
Still flutter o'er her pillow nigh,
And she will bless thee, Memory.

And to my Raymond,† distant far,
Fly hills, and woods, and vallies o'er,
This mournful salutation bear;—
Farewell, my friend, for evermore.

When tender grass is springing o'er
The spot where I at rest shall be;
May Friendship and may Love deplore
Their low-laid votary's Memory.

CARLOS.

For The Port Folio.

A Paraphrastick Translation of La Cheminee.

Parnassian air, Pa nassian dews
Befit not my too frigid muse,
Her vigour's gone, her wing is old;
Fancy and feeling chill'd with cold;
Yet some has said, that she, elsewhere,
Had sung some lays with pleasing air.
To warm her, then, and tempt her pride,
I'll bid her sing the *Fire-side.*

Thou pleasing sum of social joys!
When age and youth, and girls and boys,
The wise and dull in concert found
In Winter evenings thee surround;
While some at work, some grave, some gay,
Thy light and heat abet the play
In some young breasts, who strive to hide
A warmth rais'd at the *Fire-side.*

The aged soldier, when his scars
He loves to show, and talk of wars,
With aid of poker's sounding rattle
He represents th' alarm of battle.
And—as as a dream rais'd by his fancy,
With rapture speaks of love and Nancy:
Thus flights, not e'en to age deny'd,
Are cherish'd by the *Fire-side.*

EPIGRAM—*for the Ladies.*

A sweeter blush was ne'er suffus'd,
Than that which rests on Laura's face;
And still she is, by some, accus'd,
Of borrowing, what thus gives her grace.

But I, young Laura, will defend
From such a slander, and retort it,
For I, as lovely Laura's friend,
Was present when the dear girl bought it.

MERRIMENT.

An East India governour, having died abroad, his body was put in arrack, to preserve it for interment in England A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely whipped; and, at the same time, forbade the purser, and, indeed, all the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after, the fellow appeared very drunk. How he got the liquor no one could guess The captain, resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders, promised to forgive him, if he would tell whence he got the liquor. After some hesitation, he hickuped out "Why, please your honour, I tapped the governour."

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† D. H. Raymond, student in Yale College; writer of beautiful effusions lately printed in The Connecticut and United States Gazettes under the title of "Segar," as well as many others well worthy of the eye of the publick that never appeared in print.

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